



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

General O'Farrell, an old officer in the Austrian service, presented him with his own. James took it without any ceremony, observing as he put it on his head, that if he had lost a crown by the Irish, he had gained a hat by them.

FINE ARTS.

Historic Sketch of the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

No. 6.

(Continued from page 309.)

It is, however, to our domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, that we can refer with greatest pleasure for proofs of the advances made in the finer arts of civilized life. In this particular, we of the present day have little cause for triumph over the taste of our rude forefathers, as we are pleased to call them. The castellated mansions of our ancient nobles, and the houses of our wealthy burghers of those times, are not less remarkable for their superiority in point of comfort and convenience, to the gloomy towers, or the wood or mud houses of earlier times, than for the fine sense of the picturesque in outline and embellishment which they exhibit, as compared with the utterly tasteless and unsightly edifices of our own times.

What an assemblage of pleasing forms do those durable buildings exhibit; how beautiful their intricacy of outline—their pointed pyramidal gables—their ornamented doors and gate-ways—their oriel mullioned windows, with their drip labels projecting over them like graceful eyebrows; their very chimneys were made to contribute, by the beauty of their form, to the general effect, and are as necessary to the picturesqueness of the edifice as to its convenience. Nor should we forget an interesting, though not an architectural, feature in those edifices—the pious mottoes inscribed in some conspicuous part of the building, over the porch or entrance, usually in conjunction with the name or initials of the founder, with which those of his wife's maiden name are always united, as, "If God be with us, who shall be against us?" "Nisi Dominus ædificaverit Domum in vanum laboraverunt que ædificant eam," and such like. Then, if we examine their interior, how imposing is their massive grandeur! how picturesque their ample chimney-pieces! what richness of colour and effect in their carved pannelled oak wainscots! It may be objected that they are not always in pure taste; we grant it, and confess also that the best specimens we have are poor, in comparison with those of the sister island; but if we except the modern imitations of the buildings of this period, which are, for the greater part, fantastical gimcrackery abortions, what have we to compare to them? Square brick boxes, with holes in them for windows, disgusting to the eye, and tawdry paper decorations almost equally offensive within. Verily we have but little doubt on our minds as to which we should apply the term civilized, and which the epithet of barbarous!

Examples of the domestic architecture of the 16th century are now rarely to be found in Ireland. They were never numerous, for the country was too poor, and property too insecure, to encourage the erection of expensive and durable edifices, and their number has been sadly reduced by the dilapidations of time, the civil wars, and modern bad taste. In the vicinity of our metropolis there is nothing of the kind to refer to, except the noble mansion of the Talbotts, of Malahide, the exterior of which preserves, indeed, but little of its original character, but in which there still remains, in exquisite preservation, a carved oak chamber, a sight of which is ample compensation for a day's journey. It is not a little remarkable that it was in a western county of Ireland, now considered as one of the least civilized, that the finest and greatest number of such structures were erected. We allude to the county of Galway. The castle of Portumna, the residence of the noble family of Clanricarde, which was unfortunately burnt a few years since, was justly considered one of the finest mansions of the Elizabethan age in this island; and the houses of the wealthy citizens of the town of Galway constituted a splendid assemblage of structures, as its present

remains evince; "though," as the able historian of that ancient city writes, "the superb houses which, in the language of the annals were 'fit to lodge kings and princes,' and described as the best built and most splendidly furnished of any in the kingdom, were seized upon and occupied (during the usurpation) by the lowest of the populace, until they were completely ruined." Galway, at this period, ranked as the first city in Ireland, not less for its wealth and commercial intelligence, than for the honourable feelings and high spirit of its citizens. By the fruits of their honest industry they possessed themselves of a great portion of the surrounding counties, in which their posterity remain; and if the pride of ancestry, for which these are said to be now remarkable, be an honest pride in the peaceful virtues of their forefathers, we should rather applaud than condemn the feeling; for we should ourselves feel more proud of being the inheritors of a few acres acquired by the honest industry of our fathers, than of the richest earldom gained at the expense of suffering humanity, by the lawless sword of the soldier adventurer, or by the unfeeling mandate of a reckless tyrant.

Galway is now comparatively an obscure town. It has but little wealth—but little commercial spirit, taste or even literature. There is not a bookseller's shop, properly so called, either in it, or in the seven surrounding counties! But it is not the fault of the Galwegians that they are reduced to this state, but the result of bad laws and unhappy events, over which they had no control. At that distant period, when their stores were filled with foreign merchandise, and their houses "fit to lodge kings and princes," they were not less remarkable for their taste in art than for their love of learning. Start not, gentle reader, at this compliment to the mental intelligence of the merchants of a rude Irish seaport. We hazard no idle conjecture; and as it is, and has been, a paramount object with us, in the course of these papers, to show the indissoluble union which ever exists between a taste for the arts and the general cultivation of the mind, we shall prove the truth of our assertion. Galway could, at the period we refer to, boast of a public school of humanity, as it was called, endowed and supported by the spirit and love for learning of its citizens, which was the most celebrated and numerous of any in the kingdom. Its character, at the time of its suppression, will be sufficiently appreciated from the following extract from the regal visitation book of the commissioners appointed by James I. to inquire into the state of Education and ecclesiastical benefices in Ireland: and we give it the rather as it has never been printed, having escaped even the laborious researches of the learned and worthy historian of that ancient city:—

"A publique schoole kept at Tuame by one Lally, a Master of Art, and a very sufficient scholler."

"We found in Galway a publique schoole-master, named Lynch, placed there by the citizens, who had great numbers of schollers, not onely out of that province, but also out of the pale and other parts resorting to him. We had daily prooffe during our continuance in that city, how his schollers profited under him, by the verses and orations which they presented unto us. We sent for that schoole-master before us, and seriously advised him to conforme himself to the religion established; and, not prevailing with our advices, wee enjoyed him to forbear teaching; and I the chancellor did take a recognizance of him and some others of his kinsmen in that city, in the some of 400*li*. sterling, to his Majesty's use, that from thenceforth he should forbear to teach any more, without the speciall license of the Lo. Deputy, &c. And in regard, Galway is a farr more publique and convenient place for the keeping of a schoole than Tuame is, wee have ordered that Mr. Lally shall, at Michaelmas next, begin to teach publicly in that city." (M.S. Regal Visitation Book, 1615.)

The "schoolemaster, named Lynch," in the preceding extract, was that celebrated person who afterwards became titular Bishop of Killala, and who is so well known to the world as the author of *Cambrensis Eversus*, and other learned works. In solid learning he was inferior only, and that, perhaps, in a small degree, to one of the inquisitors who displaced him, and that one was the great and excellent Archbishop Ussher. In the nobler endowments of

benevolence and virtue, he was second to none; for, as a recent biographer states, he was traditionally (and we believe truly) informed, "that he was a man of the greatest benevolence, amiable manners, and virtuous dispositions, and that the whole course of his life was distinguished by a prominent and unaltered feature—the love of humanity and his country."

We shall leave our readers to make their own comments on the whole of this singular transaction, lest in the expression of our own opinions we might probably wax indignant and political, a temper of mind wholly at variance with the mild influence of the humanizing subject of which we treat.

P.

A REMARKABLE BISHOP OF CORK.

Dr. William Lyons, who was preferred to the bishopric of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was originally the captain of a ship, who had distinguished himself so gallantly in several actions with the Spaniards, that on being introduced to the Queen, she told him he should have the first vacancy that offered.

The honest captain, who understood the Queen literally, soon after hearing of a vacancy in the See of Cork, immediately set out for court, and claimed the royal promise. The Queen astonished at the request, for a time remonstrated against the impropriety of it, and what she could never think of as an office suitable for him. It was, however, in vain: he said the royal word was passed, and he relied on it. Her Majesty then said, she would take a few days to consider on it. When examining into his character, and finding him a sober, moral man, as well as an intrepid commander, she sent for Lyons, and gave him the bishopric, saying at the same time, "she hoped he would take as good care of the church as he had done of the state."

Lyons immediately set out for his bishopric, which he enjoyed for above twenty years with great reputation to himself, but never attempted to preach but once, and that was on the death of the Queen. On that melancholy occasion, he thought it his duty to pay the last honours to his Royal Mistress, and accordingly mounted the pulpit in Christ's church, in the city of Cork;—after giving a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the Queen, he concluded in the following warm, but whimsical manner—"Let those who feel the loss deplore with me on this melancholy occasion; but if there be any that bear me, who have secretly wished for this event, (as perhaps there may,) they have now got their wish, and the devil do them good with it."

The Bishop's name and the date of his appointment (1583), are on record in the Consistorial Court of Cork; and his picture, in the captain's uniform, the left hand wanting a finger, is still to be seen in the Bishop's palace, at Cork.

A LEGEND OF FIN-MAC-COOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

MR. EDITOR—Being an admirer and sincere well-wisher of your Penny worth, I have long felt an anxious desire to lend it a literary helping hand; but having no learning, and scarcely any information worth imparting, the only way in which I thought I could offer you any assistance, was as an occasional contributor of an Irish legend—a description of article which, as usually written, requires no requisite beyond a little imitative power, and a little skill in exaggerating the peculiarities of our uneducated countrymen, so as to excite a laugh at their expense, in minds as thoughtless, and, perhaps, more vulgar than their own. To qualify myself the better for this species of literature, I spent a number of weeks in the society of the most worthless of the community, as well as in the resorts of the prime gag story-tellers about town, from whom I picked up some choice "legends," which, I assure you, I had frequently heard set the table of the ale-house in a roar; and as I did not think that any one had any exclusive right to those morceaus of humour, I determined to adopt them as my own and to shine in all the light of authorship in the widely extended pages of your Journal. Accordingly I sent you my articles, and you may easily imagine the mortification which my vanity received from the polite communication of your respectable publisher, that they were not considered suitable to the pages of your Journal; even though it

was accompanied by an intimation, that its columns would be open to genuine legends or such stories as illustrate Irish character without the usual quantum of mock-oaths, exaggerations of national peculiarities, and all the *et ceteras* which usually constitute the very essence of a genuine laughter-provoking legend.

Well, Mr. Editor—being a good-humoured fellow, as all story-tellers should be, I forgave you, and determined if in my power to take the hint, and instead of seeking for legends in the way I have already noticed, resolved on mixing with the peasantry at their own fire-sides, for the purpose of gathering the popular traditions of the olden time, and of illustrating the imaginative power and characteristic love of humour, for which our country has been so long admired. I now send you the first result of my zeal, and as the legend which I am now about to commit to paper is a genuine tradition of the country, connected with a favorite subject of your Journal; namely the illustration of our national antiquities, and as moreover, it will, I hope, be found tolerably free from the peculiarities, or faults, as you call them, of my former communications, I trust it will meet with a better reception at your hands.

Lately taking a pedestrian excursion in the neighbourhood of the wild, but romantic mountain region, near Dublin; known as the Breaks of Ballynascorney, I was much struck with the singular appearance of a great isolated granite rock near the road side, which was evidently a monument or memorial of Pagan times, and determined to discover if any tradition was preserved in its neighbourhood of the object or period of its erection. I accordingly entered an adjacent cabin, in which I found a healthy and good-looking mountaineer, his wife, and half-a-dozen children seated round a table, on which a little cairn or tumulus, such as you describe that of New Grange to be, was piled up—not, however, of stones, but right good laughing potatoes. I was received with the cordial welcome which a stranger is always sure of meeting in the cottages of our peasantry:—the best stool was wiped for me by the good woman of the house, and a pressing invitation given to try the potatoes—accompanied with an expression of regret that they had nothing better to offer—an offer too tempting to be refused.

The demolition of the pile was not a work of great duration, and the gift, on my part, of a drop of the native from a pocket-pistol—the companion of my rambles—soon put me and my entertainers on the familiar terms favourable to my purpose.

"Pray," I commenced, "what do they call that big rock, like a house, which I passed as I came down the road here?"

"Oh! be dad, sir, did you remark the big rock? that's called Fin-Mac-Cool's finger-stone."

"And why is it called so?" said I.

"Why, thin, indeed, sir, unless I towld you an ould story, that *maybe* you wouldn't believe, I can't say."

"Oh, tell it at all events."

"Well, thin, you must have heard of Fin-Mac-Cool, sir—he was one of the giants in Ireland, in ould ancient times.—One day afther he had been out hunting on the Curragh of Kildare, he came home to his house on the Hill of Allen, in mighty low spirits, and his wife axed him what was the matter? 'Why, thin,' says he, 'there's enough the matter; for there's the great giant Ussheen, (Ossian), is come over from Scotland to thry my strength, and if he finds he's able to bate me, he'll murder me intirely.' Well, at this news, sir, the poor woman, his wife, looked very sorrowful—but he bid her not be cast down, for he hoped he'd outwit him and there would be no harm done. So, with that, he gother' himself up in a great huge child's cradle, that was in the room, and bid the wife throw a blanket over him, and to tell Ussheen, when he comed in, if he axed any questions about who it was that was lying there, it was one of Fin's gossoons—'and, now,' says he, 'mind what you're about, or its all over wid me,' 'but, indeed, sir, he needn't have said that, for the women are always 'cute at a bit of roguery.' This, my informant said, with a good-humoured glance at his own wife.

"Oh, don't believe him, Sir," says the woman laughing, "he's always full of his jokes, and you'll be far enough on your way to Dublin, before you meet a greater rogue than himself."

"Ow-wow, Biddy!" said the husband, "is that the character you're giving me—well, any way as I was saying to the gentleman; Fin gother'd himself up in the cradle, and the wife set about laking some cake bread, when presently in comes Ussheen very civilly, with his 'God save all here,'